

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## RIGID DISCIPLINARIANS.

SOME of the severe enactments of some of the pilgrim fathers, two hundred years ago, who left this country for America, may give us an idea how imperfectly religious liberty was understood, as well as religious truth, by those men whom we still delight to honour for the sacrifices they made, and the headstrong way they asserted their rights, however feebly they conceded the rights of others. The strict notions which they entertained on various points of morals and of discipline, and their *hatred* of the Church of England on the one hand, and of heretics in general on the other, may be judged of from the following extracts from "The Blue Laws of Connecticut," so called because the first printed laws of the colony were stitched in blue coloured paper. From the first three articles which are cited, it is perfectly clear that those straight-laced sectarians were utterly ignorant of the true principles of religious liberty, for, the very moment that they had escaped from their own persecutors in England, they were ready to inflict on others the same sufferings which had driven them to take refuge in a foreign land. "No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic." "If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, on pain of death." "No priest shall abide in this dominion: he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one, without warrant." "No one to run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting." "No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day." "No woman shall kiss

her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.' 'The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.' 'Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the select men shall tax the offender at £300 estate.' 'No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, or Jew's harp.' 'No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.' 'When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.' 'No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents. £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.' 'Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.' 'Every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap.'"

The strange inconsistency of these men, and their stern ideas of justice, may be judged of by this: that though one of their laws is, that "The man-stealer shall suffer death," "a debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold, to make satisfaction." The above specimen of intolerance and persecution, ordained by men who had suffered for the sake of conscience, may teach us all how necessary it is to examine our own thoughts and ways while we are claiming the right of private judgment for ourselves; and that by no severity on our part should we restrain another's mind or life from that free choice and conscientious course we have followed.



## NOT BEYOND THE POWER OF LOVE.

MR. GOUGH, in one of his recent lectures, proceeded to confute the idea that drunkards are so far brutes as to be beyond the power of Christian love, saying: No, they are not brutes. I have laboured for eighteen years among them, and I have never found a brute. I have had men to swear at me; I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face; but I never found a man that I would give up. It may take a long time to reach his manhood, but he is not a brute. I think it is Charles Dickens who says, "Away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written 'Women.'" And so in the heart of the vilest outcast, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door upon which is written "Man."

Here is our business—to find that door. It may take a long time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us, and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember Him whose locks were wet with the dew. Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you you have been knocking at the heart of a man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches are men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them.

I once picked up a man in the market-place. They said, "He is a brute—let him alone." I took him home with me, and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights through his delirium, and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits, one night chasing her all about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me: "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child, would you?"

"Well, I shouldn't."

"I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute."

I asked, "Where do you live?"

"Two miles from here."

"When did you see them last?"

"Two years ago."

Then he told me his sad story. I said, "You must go back again."

"I can't go back. My wife is better without me. I have struck her, and kicked her, and abused her. Can I go back again?"

I went with him to his house. I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Richardson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, that is Mr. Richardson; and, Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first, and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of a hem, and then she pulled it all down again. Then she folded it up close and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room, and said, "Well, William."

The "brute" said, "Well, Mary."

He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and his wife said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out."

He began to fumble about it; the knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?"

She worked away at it, but her fingers were too clumsy, too, and she could not get it off.

While thus occupied their eyes met. The lovelight was not all quenched. She opened her arms gently and he fell into them.

If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a 'brute,' but a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his bosom."

Have faith in man's nature, and that the spark of divinity is never allowed by him who planted it there to be entirely quenched.



## A LAY SERMON.

"Now, certain Greeks were among those who came up to worship at this feast. So these came to Philip, and besought him, saying, 'Sir, we desire to see Jesus.'"—*John*.

THE life of Jesus has a foreign and extrinsic, as well as an intrinsic, charm. His form on the canvas has always a striking, sometimes a noble, background. For *local* scenery, we have mountain and valley, lake and corn-field; objects and sites memorable, or sacred; and prominent amidst these, the city "beautiful for situation," with its superb and celebrated temple. For *historic* scenery, we have Herod the Great, and the glories of the Jewish Sanhedrim blended with, and not yet dimmed by, the advancing blaze of Roman power. And for *social* scenery, we have a people picturesque in their feud passions and prejudices, in their manners, in the rites of their religion, and in their natural usages.

To one of these usages we are conducted in this passage. It was the time of the passover—that great annual festival of the nation at Jerusalem; and the yet proud city was gay with the spectacle, and its streets echoed to the tramp of the crowds which, out of every nook and corner of the land, had come up to celebrate it. Many had come for gain, many from mere habit, but cold must have been the heart, which, amidst the stirring associations of the time and place, and under the quickening power of the presence of a great multitude moved by a common aim, did not beat high with national exultation at such a time!

But what is to be remarked, is the presence of Greeks at this feast. "Certain Greeks," we are told, "had also come up to Jerusalem to worship at the feast." This adds a new feature to the scene—a feature which directly concerns us. We belong to the great Gentile world to which they belonged; and we instinctively attach ourselves in sympathy to this little company of strangers. We look on, and reflect. We say, "These, then, are Jewish proselytes. They have forsaken the religion of their nation for the religion of the Jews. They have overleaped the barriers of native prejudice and the antipathies of

the Jews themselves, and have become devout adherents of the new religion. Amongst all the worshippers at this feast, there are none, we may assume, more sincere and true than these."

But now, let me say, it was just like the Greeks. The sages of that nation visiting Egypt and the distant East for knowledge and wisdom, were only types of a deep-rooted national tendency. The intellectual vitality of that people was something amazing. They would seem to have been possessed with an insatiate craving to reach the full limits of the *knowable* on every side. And what is remarkable, their speculations were always practical. If they sought knowledge, it was to frame rules of conduct. Hence, with every shade of thought, every form of life is depicted in their writings. Two thousand years have flown by since their existence as a nation, but in all that long interval the laborious studies under every conceivable advantage of our wisest have hardly introduced us one new thought in their peculiar province; and we are still fain to boast ourselves by the old names.

Yet there was a manifest lack in the Greek mind. It wanted earnestness, depth, sobriety. Akin to the French mind of this day, the force of its weightiest conclusions was dissipated by a light and airy fancy, which was ever on the strain for something "new." In consequence, the religious conception of the Greeks never rose higher than the sentiment—*God is beauty*. Now, this was just such a lack as the Jewish mind might supply. Sombre, brooding, austere, one wonders at the Jewish mind ever forming such a design as that of a gorgeous temple, with its trained bands of musicians and singers; but such lighter tastes and fancies occasionally indulged, only soften and relieve, do not obliterate, the general colouring. The vicissitudes of a stern history, and a severe training in multitudinous laws and observances, joined perhaps to a native tendency of mind, had impressed a character of gloom on the manners of the people which, in their wisest and best, took the more engaging form of a serious and reverential thoughtfulness. *God is power*—might seem to be their sentiment, instead of *God is beauty*.



God is assuredly both; yet, to fit us to be *men*, it were better to adore Him as *power* rather than *beauty*. We admire the penetrating and adroit intellect, and the gay sportive fancy; but we reserve a higher esteem for the grave and thoughtful temper. It need not surprise us, then, to find Greeks anywhere seeking knowledge; and we might mark an onward step when we see them bowing at a Jewish shrine.

It was not the first time that the Jew had awakened reverential emotions in the breast of the stranger. The boast of David so often repeated, that the "nations of the earth looked on and trembled," might have been no vain one. But certain it is, we easily recall not a few similar passages out of history. We think of the Queen of distant Ethiopia coming to Jerusalem, drawn thither by the fame of the wisdom of its monarch. We think of Alexander the Great pausing in his triumphant march onward, by the symbols of the Jewish faith. We think of Titus mourning over the destruction of the temple, and cherishing the sacred candlesticks and vessels with tender care. All point to a sense, deep and wide, of an unearthly greatness dwelling in the Jewish people. These Greeks form only a part of a long procession to the same hallowed spot.

But now we are taken into a higher presence. The same Greeks "come to Philip, and say, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.'" Did they see him? Did an interview take place? And if so, what was said? Alas! the record is silent. Yet, we would have given much to know; for we recollect that, if it did, it was the first time that Jesus came fairly into contact with the Greek mind. The Western mind—our *own* mind—was represented in these Greeks; and we feel we should have learned much from the words that fell from Jesus. Doubtless the Jewish drapery fell from his words, and we should have stood face to face with the pure celestial idea. Yet to complete a picture full of points of interest, it is enough that they sought him; inquiry was on its best and highest road; and these Greeks, unnamed and only glanced at in the record, might have given a Stephen to the early church.

My work is, to take these Greeks, thus passing on from stage to stage in search of light and guidance, as types of the *spiritual hunger of man universally*, and to make a few remarks upon this subject. And

I. The existence of this spiritual hunger.

Our spiritual cravings are facts as indubitable as our physical. We need not ransack the depths of our nature for them, for they lie on the surface—are found in every man's consciousness, and seen in every man's history. Less imperious and importunate than our casual wants, they yet take the form of a very passion in some men, while they are never wholly extinct in any. In some proportion, they exert a force over us all; and indeed, if they did not, we should be brutes, not men. But, however, we may differ in the measure of their influence upon us; we all agree to assign them a high place in our nature, and a most important function. We recognise in them the key-stone—the finishing and perfecting touch—the *things* which make our manhood. We make it a *sine qua non* that there shall be some show, at least, of mind, heart, excellence in a man, to give him a title to our respect; but our ideal rises higher, and he receives our highest homage who most abounds in these things. Of the existence of such a class of wants there can be no question.

II. The *form* of this spiritual hunger.

1st. Its form is *intellectual*. It is a craving for knowledge, which, in its fullest meaning, is a perception of truth. It seeks for facts; but it cannot be said to have this knowledge, without it has also a knowledge of the principles which govern the facts, and make them what they are. It was knowledge in this highest form which so commanded the veneration of the ancients. The path to this knowledge is, the outward world and our own inward consciousness. But this path is a difficult one. It wants observation, attention, memory, thought, judgment; and at every step we stumble or fall, because of the labour it costs us. This might a child's eager observation and insatiate curiosity rebuke our own sluggishness! Our efforts in search of knowledge and truth are faint and



languid; but we yet feel it to be a noble ambition, and would fain make it our earnest endeavour.

2ndly. Its form is *affectional*. It is a desire to receive love and to bestow it. It will not suffer us to be isolated from our fellow-beings. It implants a feeling of union and sympathy. It impels us forth, out of ourselves and away from our separate concerns, to take part in the general interests of our race. Only lower than the highest of our spiritual instincts, it is by far the most engaging. God, in the very conditions of our existence, has already imparted a special force to this craving, so that to deny it is to do hurt to ourselves; for the loved forms of father, mother, brother, have become parts of our being, and we cannot, if we would, dispense with the help of our fellow men. Provocatives abound, and, thank heaven, the tie which binds us to our case is felt. Even where the mind is torpid, the heart is often still alive. If we have not the gains of knowledge to boast of, we are not without visible tokens of the presence and power of love.

3rdly. Its form is *moral*. It disavours itself in the desire *to be right*. It is the highest form it can take. This seeks the ascendancy of conscience in what we do. It suggests a rule by which to square our desires, affections, actions. It brings before us the solemn thought of amenability. More than any other part of our nature, it proves a God, and at the same time a law-giver and a judge. Desperate is the case of the man who is heedless of this highest of cravings; or having neglected, has stifled it! For him chaos has been let loose again, and its seat is his own soul! His very mind and heart have become his enemies!

The mind seeking knowledge—the heart seeking love—the conscience seeking to rule—this is the three-fold form that spiritual hunger takes.

III. The satisfactions of this spiritual craving.

These might be briefly stated. 1st. *Inward harmony and peace*. The separate streams of our nature flow in one and the same channel; or, at least, a direction is given which points to this issue. The mind may seek knowledge, and not attain it; or truth, and be baffled.

The heart may have its bereavements and disappointments; but if the flame be kept alive, the inward peace is not greatly interrupted. The conscience may drop the rein over some part of its wide domain, yet, instantly renewing it, even that shall only disturb its peace for a moment. Who that knows a loving, truth-seeking, conscientious man, knows not also a cheerful, happy, peaceful spirit?

2ndly. *The favour of man*. The good man long oppressed and despised is a rare sight. The most heedless of men acknowledge and bow before the majesty of virtue. Their own secret souls are not unvisited by celestial visions, and they acknowledge the beauty of the portraiture when they see it in human form. Never let the good man despair. If anything may conquer the malignity of the bad, it is persevering virtue; and it has done it times without number.

3rdly. *The favour of God*. If the favour of man fails, this does not. The good man is never without a secret consciousness of the smile and blessing of God. He knows himself to be treading the path which heaven has appointed, and this gives him confidence that, in life or in death, he is under God's care and love, and he dreads no evil.

And now, if there be any seeking light and guidance, their most fitting request might be the same as these Greeks—"We would see Jesus."

J. J., *Isle of Man*.

## DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, and do well what you undertake, mean about the same thing. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, is it not? You assent to this—but does your practice correspond?

Some men go stumbling and blundering through life, making mistakes at every turn, and sometimes fatal ones, from the habit and way they have of doing things *hastily*, and *without care*. It is a sad defect of character, and a terrible drawback to success.

*Do your best*. Such a resolution, deliberately formed, and practically observed, makes a capital starting point for a young man.

Look at some of the advantages.



First among them is the habit of caution, and care in doing your work. No matter what the work, whether hand-work, or brain-work; whether you are a teacher or a learner; whether writing or conversing, investigating truth, or applying knowledge to affairs. A cautious habit leads you to look at questions on all sides, and in all their relations—gives you assurance and self-confidence—secures you against painful doubts and misgivings, and the weakness of vacillation, after you have once resolved upon your course.

Another advantage is the tone and state of mind, begotten of the habit of always doing your best. It is the state of the soldier, who lies down at night upon his arms, with his armour on. He is ready for action, and cannot be surprised. It is a state opposed to lassitude. There is no shaking of knees in the case, no tripping of the boots. You are on hand, and "toned up" for duty, when the moment for action comes.

To a young man, the reputation of always doing things well, and of putting the best skill and ability into every action, would be a good business capital. It would secure confidence—draw favour and esteem—pre-dispose men to help. The patronage of the world is guaranteed to those who help themselves, and have the element of success within themselves.

When you are sure you are right, what hinders that you "go a-head?" Your step will be firm, your movement more energetic, your blows more vigorous and telling. You have done a good act, and done it well—the consciousness cheers and animates you, gives you confidence and augments your power.

The plea of *haste*, that is made to cover so many failures and mistakes, is most lame and impotent. It won't stand in any court. It condemns you as a sloven and slouch in your business. It convicts you of want of method and thoroughness in your mental action, and will disqualify you in the judgment of the discerning, from the trusts of any dignity or importance.

The following lines were written by the late Rev. F. Macdonald.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
Have no doubts whatever ;

Labour first, then rest in hope—  
Trust deceives us never.

Right manfully the sower flings  
His seed on earth's broad bosom,  
Then waits until the harvest brings  
The fruits of summer's blossom.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
This is always noble ;  
Before the gain there comes the pain ;  
Before the ease, the trouble.  
If conquests here are hardly won,  
Our triumph is the greater ;  
Esteem no action rightly done  
While still it may be better.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
Fear not for to-morrow ;  
Fear not suffering, toil, or woe—  
Fear not care or sorrow :  
Fear alone the faithless heart,  
With coward weakness branded,  
That will not act the worthy part  
Our Father hath commanded.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
We may have much to try us ;  
Yet all things well together work  
To aid the good and pious.  
Clouds our mazy track may shroud,  
And dark the tempest lower ;  
The sky is bright above the cloud,  
The sun behind the shower.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
For this is still our duty ;  
Such was Jesus' soul of love,  
And such his life of beauty.  
Bribes and snares, and wiles be nought,  
And all that seeks to win you ;  
*Act upon your highest thought—*  
God's own voice within you.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
One there is who keepeth  
All things in His sovereign hand,  
Who slumbereth not, nor sleepeth :  
One who hears us when we cry,  
One who well doth love us,  
One who helps us when we try,  
One good Friend above us.

Do your best and leave the rest—  
Never doubt his kindness ;  
Who only trusts his human eyes  
Shall soon be struck with blindness.  
Faith is larger far than sense,  
Love can grasp creation ;  
Build thou upon Omnipotence,  
And have a firm foundation.



## REAL COURAGE.

GEORGE SAUNDERS was the "bully" of the school. A great, burly, blustering fellow as he was, nothing suited him so well as a fight. Henry Wellman was a new scholar—a quiet boy; but you couldn't look into his honest, hearty face, without wanting to give him your hand, and hail him for a grand fellow right off.

The boys all liked him; and so, of course, Saunders *didn't*. He wanted to be the great man of the school himself. Well, what do you think he did about it? Tried to pick a quarrel with Henry, of course. That's the only way such fellows have of getting rid of rivals. So he seized the first chance, when the school was out for the noon-recess, to provoke a quarrel. First he brushed roughly against Henry as he went by him on the ball-ground, and almost pushed him over. Then he knocked off his hat. Then, when Henry asked him to behave himself, he bristled up to him, picked up a chip, and put it on his own shoulder, and growled between his teeth: "There, you sneaking coward! It is time for us to have it out. Knock that chip off my shoulder, if you dare!"

The boys, of course, now began to gather about the two. Henry stood quietly, with his hands folded, with no notion of fighting. His blood boiled; his heart beat like a trip-hammer, and his face was flushed with feeling; for it was awfully hard work to stand still and be called a coward.

"Fight him!" whispered the devil in Henry's ear. "Fight him, like a man!" shouted the boys. "Stand up to him. Give it to him!" Now, Henry was as brave as Cæsar—you'll see that he was before I get through my story—and all the *fight* there was in him seemed to tingle at his fingers' ends, as he clenched his fist in spite of himself. But the struggle in his bosom didn't last long. He did what was a thousand times better than to beat George—he conquered *himself*. The boys didn't know him yet; so they thought him a coward, and called him so to his face.

But the day passed on; night followed, and in the school-house, on the playground, and in the boys' homes all was

dark. Nine—ten—eleven—the old church clock struck out on the clear, star-lit air, and then all on a sudden was heard the fearful cry of "fire!"

"Fire! fire!" shouted a man, rushing through the street, under Henry's window. "Fire! turn out! turn out!" screeched another man close by George's home. Then came an engine thundering along over the pavement, with bell ringing, lanterns flashing, and men and boys hallooing in one general uproar.

Henry and George both popped out of bed in a jiffy, and were soon on their way to the fire. Far up, like a blazing volcano, streamed the flames against the black sky, while the smoke heaved and tumbled about in great waves. Soon the boys reached the burning house—most of the larger scholars of the school getting there about the same time.

The fire was bursting from the upper windows, while the firemen with an engine-hose were pouring in water from the roof of the next house. Just then, while George and Henry stood not far from each other, a poor woman rushed, half frantic, from the burning building, wringing her hands, and shrieking, "My child! my child! For God's sake, save my child!" She looked first at George, to see if there was in his face any pity for her. Ah! hero George! You that were so bold on the play-ground, show us *now* how brave you are. But the idea of being roasted alive for the sake of a baby upsets all his "spunk," as he calls it. "Where is your child?" he asks. "There, sir," screams the wretched mother—"there, in that room," pointing up to a window, where only smoke, without flame, was pouring out. "*Can't* you—*won't* you save him?" The boys heard the question; they looked first at the fire-ladder that stood against the window, then at George, and they saw the "bully of the school" slink away into the crowd.

The poor woman rushed from one man to another, but all in vain, when some one pointed her toward the ladder, crying, "Look!"

Henry had waited a moment to give George the first chance if he wished it; but the instant he saw him turn away, he darted like lightning to the foot of the ladder.



See! he is half-way up—round after round—hand over hand—while the flames are roaring around him; and he shouts to the firemen as he climbs, “Turn your hose on me!” They drench him with water, that the fire may not catch his clothes; and on the young hero goes, up—up—toward the window, where the red glare of *flame* is now beginning to mix with the smoke.

The crowd gather round the foot of the ladder, almost crazy with fear for Henry. “You’ll never see him down again alive,” cries one. “Look! see!” cries another. “The smoke has hid him, and there is the flame above. Good! the smoke blows away. There he is—noble fellow! hurrah!”

But he is getting out of sight of the crowd. He has reached the window; will he dare to climb in, with those terrible flames roaring around him? Look and see. Henry Wellman fears God, and he fears to sin, but fire and water he laughs at.

Yes; in he plunges, though it seems like jumping into a great furnace. “There!” cry the crowd, with white lips, and with eyes that seem starting from their heads; there he is!” “And has he got my baby?” screams the mother. “No; he was most choked with the smoke, and only came to the window to breathe. Now he’s gone. But there he comes again; and he’s got the baby! Hurrah! nine cheers for the bravest boy in town!” And as Henry came down the ladder with the little frightened thing in his arms (it was almost dead too with the smoke), there went up from that great crowd nine such shouts as made the echo ring from all the walls around. Down he came, carefully; and when he gave the child into the arms of its mother, and heard her hearty “God bless you! God bless you!” it seemed to him the happiest moment of his life.

Which, now, boys, was really the *braver* of the two—George or Henry? And, on the play-ground, was Henry *really* a coward? There was one thing he said afterwards that I want you to remember. It was, that he found it *ten times easier to go up the ladder than to let that chip lie on George’s shoulder.*

## DIVINE COUNSEL.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.”—*Zechariah* iv. 6.

*Continued from page 23.*

WE now come to the second aspect of our subject, *i. e.*, COMFORT, for this is the true relation in which the counsel of the text stands.

It has not been clearly ascertained at what period the prophet *Zechariah* lived. It is generally thought he was contemporary with the captivity. The sleep of the prophet is broken by a dream or vision, the touch of an angel’s hand, which shows him the future restoration after seventy years captivity, the laying of the foundation-stone of the temple, and the rebuilding of Jerusalem. All kinds of difficulties stand before the prophet’s mind. He lived in a day of small things on which to build such glorious hopes. There was a mountain of difficulties to be overcome before this could be realised. A prince and a leader of the people was needed.

There stands before him in this vision Zerubbabel; and like *Zechariah*, this prince seems to fear the difficulties that interpose between the wish of their heart and the accomplishment of this work. There is a mountain before the prince. How little is a man, a prince, before a great mountain! He is made to say—“Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and the foundation shall be laid, and the temple shall be built, and the top stone shall be laid on with shoutings, grace, grace unto it.” Cheering words to an old Jew, the glory of Jerusalem shall be restored—beautiful vision. But how shall this be done? what a mighty power there is that can interpose, and will, to hinder it. *Zechariah* and Zerubbabel, in their weakness, are wanting to feel the power, to have their eyes opened to the agency. This is just the way we often do; there are divine promises of salvation, of restoration to the human family, the erection of a new and spiritual Jerusalem, the gathering together of God’s people of all nations and times. We would like to see the human agency, and the probable



prospects in the signs and movements of mankind. There was a voice spoke to Zerubbabel—"This is the word of the Lord. Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." "I cannot see the means," said Zerubbabel; the angel said, "It shall be done by grace." "Zerubbabel shall lay the foundation, he shall hold the plummet in his hand, the work shall go on and be accomplished, the top-stones shall be laid on amid the acclamations of the people, and the shoutings of grace." How cheering the promise, how beautiful the temple rises before the eye of faith, the people flock to bless it, and the favour of the Lord rests upon it. No military victory, no human agency, no popular demonstration, no strategy, no policy, would be needed. It was the divine intention, and things would so combine together that this should be done, no human power should help it, no human power should hinder it.

We all know how we can, at times, warm our own hearts with the glow of others joys, that flash across thousands of miles of ocean, or down the stream of history. Have we not felt a sympathy with the joys of others, our souls been deeply moved by chords of sweetest tenderness and affection; touched and made to vibrate with the joys or sorrows of far-off people. We have dropped the tear, seen the cloud, felt the ray of sunshine steal across our minds in that sweet fellowship of soul that joins us to the present, to the past, and to the future. We are told the waves of sound cause vibrations to the remotest points of space; nor are the joys and sorrows of the human race ever blotted out while a sentient being stands upon the shore of time. We live not for ourselves as those who lived before us, by their trials, and their joys and sorrows teach us. Still we can be wise by their experiences, and refresh our hearts by their heavenly assurances. How many a sister's heart has been cheered by those words—"Thy brother shall rise again." She felt as if the words were spoken to her, for her still. They were never meant to be confined to Martha's ear. How many a weary pilgrim has sat beneath the cheering words which blossom and bear fruit for ever—"Come all ye weary ones unto

me"—blest himself by the fair fruit and flowers, found a cover from the tempest, and a limpid stream that flowed so purely by at his feet to drink, hushed his fears in those words of graciousness, and found rest to his soul. How many a nursing mother has felt the loving words of Christ spoken as to her, and seen his fair white hands take her baby in his arms and bless her child from that far-off gospel story. Who speak words of divine truth and pure affection, speak for all time; and the rays of divine life, and the words of divine counsel, however scattered, are being gathered, and are now converging to bless all the human race. Those angel words, placed at the head of our article, spoken in the vision, were for all time. It was the divine purpose and life, breathed we know not how, into the human form. This was the secret of Jewish favour in the court of Babylon. This was an army of power without one drawn sword. It was the will of God embodied in Cyrus, and this removed all difficulties, this gave triumph to the laying of the foundation of the walls of Jerusalem, protection to the workmen, and success to the work.

And there are times and seasons in every human lot when we are hedged in by trouble and difficulty. We see no means of escape. There is scarce one ray of hope, one star on the brow of our night; the darkness is thick; we can touch it, and feel it go down into our very souls. We ask ourselves a thousand questions, and we cannot answer one. We see no earthly power, no human arm to come to our aid. O yes, the history of each of us has in it those days when our spirits are sad and our hearts heavy within us; and these seasons have proved divine opportunities to teach us there is a Providence in the affairs of life. The great mountain of difficulty has been touched as by a magic wand, and it dissolved before our eyes. An angel's voice has spoken peace to our fears, and we have used the words of an ancient pilgrim on life's highway—"And I saw there was no man to help, and I wondered there was no intercessor, therefore his own arm brought salvation, and his righteousness sustained me." And we felt refreshed and comforted. We



said, thank God, the night was past; the blessing came, and the danger was over, and our spirits had peace.

We read the spiritual history of nations and individuals in this divine book, and we see how there is an ever present God that comforts Jacob at the close of a painful day, who comes to Abraham in a most trying hour, who takes away the violence of fire, or stops the mouths of lions; on the same principle as he floods the earth with light and genial warmth. He sends an angel comforter and strength to the garden of Gethsemane, and opens the spiritual vision of dying martyrs, in the midst of the cruellest forms of death. But not to the Bible alone need we go, but to our own experience, to find out there is a God. We do not sympathise with that condition of mind that has God the wonderful, God the deliverer only in the book; who has only read of him in the trials and deliverances of Jewish people and the Israelitish nations. We all have God the wonderful, deliverer, counsellor, and redeemer, in our own history, and its experiences, if we have not blinded ourselves to his providences of salvation. True it is that we get so gross in our ideas, that we need at times a startling event to disclose the fact, but it is true whether we recognise it or not. Depend upon it God lives as he did in ancient times, and does as marvellous things. The mode of operation may be different, but the results are the same. We are sometimes driven to say what a marvellous and providential thing; we all have many marvellous and providential dispensations of power and goodness from want of faith we feel to recognise. We allow ourselves to be so buried up in material forms, in human expediences, and false and cunning policies—a kind of practical atheism. We are at times awoke from this spiritual sleep by a ladder filled with angel speakers, and then we arise with a little confusion, touched with an insight of divine presence, and say, "Lo God is here, and we knew it not."

The primal import of our counsel is to allay alarm while we are working out in all faithfulness the service God, our souls, society, and our families require at our hands. Not to be unnerved at any peculiar position unto which we are

thrown, or daunted at the difficulties that beset our path. When we are in trouble, to call upon God; when we are dispirited, to hope in him who can be the health of our countenance. There is no unmeaning sorrow or aimless trouble allowed by divine providence to encompass us round. In faithful obedience let us do our duty, not look too far before us for trouble—toil on—climb the hill of life, singing the psalm of life. The road at times may appear toilsome and long, the night side of life may picture itself in ugly and frightful visions, if we lose our good strong staff of faith. We have all these seasons, but we make things by our doubting hearts worse than they are; we have often found the night we feared filled with beauty, and the cares that infested our day left us as we onward urged our way. Humbly, trustfully, the past teaches us to take up our staff and travel on, fearing nought of evil that can happen us in our weakest, darkest hour, under the government of him who is all goodness and might.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

WHY, Dermot, you look healthy now,  
Your dress is neat and clean,  
I never see you drink about:  
Oh, tell me where you've been?  
Your wife and children all are well,  
You used to use them strange,  
And are you kinder to them now:  
How came this happy change?

It was a dream, a warning voice,  
Which Heaven sent to me,  
To snatch me from the drunkard's course,  
Grim want and misery;  
My wages were once spent in drink—  
Oh, what a wretched view—  
It almost broke my Mary's heart,  
And starved my children too.

What was my wife or home to me?  
I heeded not her sigh,  
Though patience smiled as welcome he,  
While tears bedimmed her eyes;  
My children, too, have oft awoke,  
And to their father said,  
"Poor mother has been weeping so,  
Because we have no bread."  
My Mary's form did waste away,  
I saw her sunken eye;  
My babes on straw in sickness lay,



heard their wailing cry;  
 laughed and sung with drunken joy:  
 While Mary's tears did stream,  
 All like a beast I fell asleep,  
 And had this warning dream:

I dreamed I staggered home once more,  
 I saw a solemn gloom;  
 I missed my wife, where can she be,  
 And strangers in the room;  
 I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's  
 dead,  
 She's lead a wretched life;  
 Ah! grief and want has broke her heart,  
 Who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

I saw my children weeping round;  
 I could scarcely draw my breath;  
 They cried and kissed her lifeless form,  
 Nor ever still in death;  
 "Oh! father, come and wake her up,  
 The people say she's dead,  
 And make her smile and speak once more,  
 We'll never cry for bread."

"She is not dead," I frantic cried,  
 And rushed to where she lay,  
 I madly kissed her once warm lips,  
 Nor ever cold as clay;  
 "Oh! Mary, speak one word to me,  
 No more I'll cause you pain,  
 No more I'll grieve your loving heart,  
 Nor ever drink again."

"Why, Mary, speak one word to me,"  
 Well, so I do," she cried!  
 I wake unto my Mary dear,  
 While kneeling by her side;  
 I pressed her to my throbbing heart,  
 While joyous tears did stream;  
 And ever since I've Heaven blessed,  
 For sending me that dream.

#### A LITTLE GIRL'S REPLY.

THE little daughter of one of our friends was assailed rather sharply, a short time ago, for not believing that Jesus Christ is God. This was her reply: "I read in the New Testament that Jesus is the Son of God; I know therefore he cannot be God. I am the daughter of my mother, not the mother of myself; and as Christ is the Son of God, he cannot be the son of himself. To say he is God, is to say he is the son of himself." When she told us this simple reply to her companions, we remembered what was written—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

#### ONE KIND ACT.

WHEN Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber, and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbour, Mrs. —, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us; half-a-dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters—they never looked just right before.

The tables are turned with Mrs. M—and me now—she has turned a poor widow; "but she shall never want while I have anything; never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face: "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah! now the secret was out. It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest of a little friendly act, done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbour," and we should oftener see it, could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, not riches, not fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than these—the friendly acts, the neighbourly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one toward another—which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence. How true, a cup of cold water to one of these little ones shall not lose its reward.



## THE GOSPEL PLAN OF SALVATION.

By JOHN SHANNON.

A PERSON called upon me a short time ago, to tell me that Mrs. — was laid on a sick bed, dangerously ill. He said, "She has frequently attended your chapel, and she is very desirous to see you. I feel concerned about her condition, for I fear she has not clear views of the plan of salvation."

I replied, "This is strange. In the village where she resides, when at home on Sunday, she has always attended Church in the morning and afternoon, and the Wesleyan Chapel in the evening. When in Hull on Sunday, she has always attended our services. She ought, therefore, to understand the plan of salvation, and to know perfectly the different views which Churchmen, Wesleyans, and Unitarians entertain respecting it. If she have not clear views on the subject, I fear her mind must be confused by the different and probably contradictory doctrines which she has heard in the churches and chapels she has frequented."

My friend rejoined, "O, what are the views of Unitarians respecting the plan of salvation? I have often thought of going to your chapel, and hearing for myself, but I have not been yet."

Finding that he was unprejudiced, and an inquirer after truth, I explained to him in detail our opinions, and the following is the substance of what I said to him.

Unitarians are guided in their teachings entirely by the Scriptures, and more especially by the words of Christ and his Apostles. Christ uniformly teaches that *a good life* is the only condition of salvation. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." In finishing the sermon on the mount, which is entirely a moral discourse, he said, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them," *i.e.*, whosoever hears these moral precepts and practises them, "I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock."

On one occasion we read that a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Jesus, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Here the question is asked to which we want an answer. The lawyer wishes to know the qualifications which will fit him for the enjoyment of a future state. Observe the answer. Our Saviour said unto him, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" And he answering, said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." And Jesus said unto him, "Thou hast answered right; *this do and thou shalt live.*" Could there be a plainer assertion that obedience is the condition of salvation? A person came to Christ on another occasion, and said unto him, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" And he said unto him, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God; but if

thou wilt enter into life, *keep the commandments.*" Christ did not say to the man, If you will enter into life you must believe in the Trinity, in the total depravity of human nature, and in the efficacy of my sufferings and death as a vicarious satisfaction to the wrath of God for the sins of the world. Christ did not say to the man, If you will enter into life, you must belong to a true Apostolical Church, where the clergymen are episcopally ordained. Christ did not say to the man, If you will enter into life, you must confess your sins to a priest so many times a year, have so many masses offered for the benefit of your soul during your lifetime, and when you are going to die be anointed with oil, and receive the benefit of the services of a duly authorized priest who can pronounce absolution. If Christ were personally present among us, I feel persuaded he would express displeasure at such perversions of his religion; he would bring men back to the old and difficult path of duty; and he would repeat with emphasis, *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.*

Our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Obedience to the will of God is the sum and substance of Christianity. Christ often expresses himself thus. If ye love me, keep my commandments. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love. The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall come forth; they that have *done good* unto the resurrection of life, and they that have *done evil* unto the resurrection of condemnation. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God. Could there be plainer proofs than these that a good life, according to the teaching of Christ, is the condition of salvation, the qualification for the enjoyment of a future state? Christ uniformly represents obedience to the will of God as the ground of acceptance with Him; and lest any person should be in ignorance of the path of duty, Christ as our divine instructor and guide, in his first public ministrations clearly and fully explains the commandments, and separates them from many false glosses which had been added to them by Scribes and Pharisees. If we shall inherit eternal life on the condition of obedience to the will of God, it is proper we should know what we are to obey. Here we see the excellence of our Saviour's instructions. He says little about a future state, but he says a great deal about preparation for it. He gives us little information on a subject that could only gratify curiosity; but he speaks copiously and clearly on a matter affecting our dearest interests. The American Indians think of heaven as a place where the warlike inhabitants are furnished with spears, and permitted to follow their favourite occupations of hunting and fishing. A heathen poet amused us as schoolboys with his glowing descriptions of such sports on the plains of heaven as wrestling, running, and chariot-racing. Mahometanism



holds out to its votaries a state of bliss where the inhabitants will live in marble palaces, and walk among shady woods, in flowery meads, and rippling streams. The Founder of Christianity, however, never excited the over-puritanic curiosity of man to speculate respecting the nature of the employments of heaven; but he directed the whole of his energies to prepare men for its enjoyment, he laid down plainly the way by which its happiness could be gained. Christ, while upon earth, was asked the idle question, "Are there few that be saved?" and he replied, "strive to enter in at the strait gate." If he had been asked respecting the nature of the employments of heaven, he would probably have replied, "Keep the commandments, and you will engage in them."

My friend said, "It's true. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. But we all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. How are we to gain the heaven we have forfeited by disobedience? How are we to be restored to God's favour?"

I replied, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We preach "repentance and remission of sins." "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

He said, "Some people have gone on sinning so long, that sin has complete dominion over them, and they seem incapable of repenting and amending."

I replied, "Undoubtedly, long-continued habits of sin deaden the conscience and make it difficult for many to walk in the right way; but every man, no matter how depraved, has some germ of virtuous capacity in him, and if he will earnestly try to do right, and ask God to help him, God will be strength to his weakness. The spirit of God, diligently sought, will supply what is wanting in him, will help his infirmities, and will enable him to subdue the lusts of the flesh."

My friend, in conclusion, said, "Your views of 'the plan of salvation' are stated in the words of Scripture, and more especially of Christ; and so far as you have stated your doctrines, I cannot find any fault with them. Indeed, if this be Unitarianism, I am a Unitarian."

## DEATH.

I HAVE seen one die; she was beautiful, and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action, invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm, and vision of gladness to all around her; but she died! Friendship and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her, and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and lovely ones; for such to live in?

Forbid it, reason, religion, bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die in God's counsel, who live even in frail human memory for ever!

I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty, when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned, when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavour, when wisdom had been learned from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge—how to live, and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such an one die! Was all this treasure only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument, the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away for ever? No, the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry our thought to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live for ever.

I have wandered among the tombs of such a people; I have wandered through that far-famed cemetery that overlooks from its mournful brow the gay and crowded metropolis of France, but among the many inscriptions upon those tombs, I read scarcely one—I read, to state so striking a fact with numerical exactness, I read not more than four or five inscriptions in the whole Pere La Chaise, which made any consoling reference to a future life. I read, on those cold marble tombs, the lamentations of bereavement, in every affecting variety of phase. On the tomb of youth it was written that "its broken-hearted parents, who spent their days in tears, and their nights in anguish, had laid down their treasure and their hope." On the proud mausoleum where friendship, companionship, love had deposited their holy relics, it was constantly written, "her husband inconsolable," "his disconsolate wife," "a brother left alone and unhappy," has raised this monument; but seldom, so seldom that scarcely ever did the mournful record close with a word of hope; scarcely at all was it to be read, amid the marble silence of that world of the dead, that there is a life beyond, and that surviving friends hope for a blessed meeting again, where death comes no more.

O death! dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall bring success! I being's last hour! Death! what art thou to the Christian assurance? Great hour of answer to life's prayer, great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery, hour of release from life's burden, hour of re-union with the loved and lost, what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars, what deep meditations of joy, what hallowed imaginings of unexperienced purity and bliss, what possibilities



shadowing forth unspeakable realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! O death, the Christian's death! what art thou, but the state of life, the portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!—*Dewey.*

### THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

THE simple but concise prayer, which forms the subject of the following beautiful poem, is familiar to every one, and its touching appeals will continue to rise nightly from little innocent lips as long as the world exists.

The dreamy night draws nigh;  
Soft airs delicious breathe of mingled flowers,  
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours;  
The moon is high;  
See yonder tiny cot,  
The lattice decked with vines—a tremulous ray  
Strolls out to where the silver moonbeams lay,  
Yet pales them not!  
Within two holy eyes,  
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow  
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands now  
Of joys and sighs  
For the swift coming years!  
Two rosy lips with innocent worship part;  
List! be thou saint—or skeptic, if thou art,  
Thou must have ears:  
“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

Doth it not noiseless ope  
The very floodgates of thy heart, and make  
A better man of thee? for her sweet sake,  
Who, with strong hope,  
Her sweet task ne'er forgot  
To whisper, “Now I lay me,” o'er and o'er,  
As thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor—  
Forget them not!  
From many a festal hall  
Where flashing light and flushing glances vie,  
And, robed in splendour, mirth makes revelry—  
Soft voices call  
On the light-hearted throngs.  
To sweep the harp-strings, and to join the dance,  
The careless girl starts lightly, as, perchance,  
Amid the songs,  
The merry laugh, the jest,  
Come to her vision songs of long ago,  
When by her couch she murmured low,  
Before her rest,  
That single infant prayer.  
Once more at home, she lays her jewels by,  
Throws back the curls that shade her heavy eye,  
And kneeling there  
With quivering lip and sigh,  
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,  
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings  
The baubles by;  
Nor doth she thoughtless dare  
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of Heaven  
That all her sins through Christ may be forgiven!  
Then comes the prayer:  
“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

The warrior on the field,  
After the battle, pillowing his head  
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead,  
Scorns not to yield  
To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,  
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower;  
The statesman gray,  
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,  
Forgets his honours while his memory weaves  
A picture of that home, 'mid woods and streams,  
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first  
beams,  
A cabin rude—the white fields glistening,  
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,  
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best  
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest.  
But, hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart—  
“Now say your prayers, my son, before we part.”  
And clasping his great hands—a child once more,  
Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—  
Thus hear him pray:  
“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

*Household Journal.*

### “DON'T THE LAMBS GO TO REST AT NIGHT?”

From “*Peterson's American Magazine.*”

Yes, little one, the lambs do go to rest at night; and the angels must have whispered that blessed thought to you, as they folded their silver wings around you, to take you to your rest. Beautiful must have been the words they breathed to you, and sweeter their tones, than any to which mortals ever listened; for a saintly smile lingered around your pale lips, as they kissed down the blue-veined lids over your eyes, and left the shadow of their white, snowy wings on your fair, young brow. What though tearful ones gathered around the bedside, and smothered sobs gushed up from anguished hearts? What though the death-dews rested damply on your polished brow—what though the struggling breath came shortly, gaspingly through the white tremulous lips—were you not going a lamb to your rest?

It was at the close of a beautiful sunny day, when the golden sunbeams were fading from the hill-tops, and smiling a good-night to vine-covered valleys—dreamy streamlets, and waving forests—when the warbling birds hush their joyous songs, and the still hour draws nigh—when memories of the olden-time come stealing into the heart, and we listen in fancy to voices long since silenced, gaze into eyes long ago darkened, and feel the pressure of hands that grew cold and motionless many and many a year ago; and we dream again the dreams that once made life seem ever so fair and beautiful, golden-hued and bright,—it was such an hour, precious one, that grief-stricken friends drew



nearer to your bedside; for they knew the gates of heaven were opened to receive their cherished one, and the conviction fell chillingly on their hearts that you were dying.

For many weary, painful days, you had lain weak and suffering, and loving ones would fain have sheltered you in their hearts, and shielded you from so much agony, as you lay on your little couch tossing restlessly, while a burning fever crimsoned your face, and the warm life-blood rushed wildly through your throbbing veins. In vain did they bend tearfully over you, and gaze pityingly on the flushed face, and painfully beating temples. But now it was all still; the purple blood retreated to the heart, and a coldness crept over you. The departing sunbeams crept through the partially closed shutters, and fell warmly and softly on your dark waving hair, which was brushed gently back from your pale forehead. Meekly your little hands were folded over your faintly-heaving bosom, and your large, black, spiritual eyes were turned toward the fading sunlight, which seemed to spread a halo of glory around you. Slowly the white quivering lips parted, and murmured, in broken whispers, "Don't the lambs go to rest at night?" Blessed child! Even while the words trembled on your lips, the angels bore thee heavenward—a lamb to be folded to the bosom of the great and merciful Shepherd.

"Dead," moaned the stricken mother, with hands clasped tightly over her throbbing heart, as if to still its anguished beatings, "dead, oh! my beautiful boy," and she wept bitterly in the desolation of her heart.

"Nay, a lamb gone to rest," whispered the good pastor, soothingly, and in a low, solemn voice, he uttered a prayer for the bereaved. For oh! how desolate and lonely their home would be. How would they miss the light of those beautiful eyes, and the joyous ringing laugh that was ever on the lip? How would they miss the light bounding footstep, and the clear musical voice, and turn sadly from the vacant chair? God help you, fond parents, and give you submissive hearts to think calmly that your darling has passed away to the Eden-land, in his lamb-like purity and innocence. The Father sent his angels to gather him—an opening bud—to unfold its tiny leaves with blossoms long since transplanted to heaven. In his happy, sinless childhood, while yet the rose-leaves, which were scattered along his early pathway, grew fresh and fair beneath his lightsome tread, and he had never rested heavily enough upon them to have the thorns pierce them through—while the sunbeams of a few golden summers had fallen on his forehead lightly, and ever so warm and sunny, and nestled softly among the dark locks that clustered around his temples,—while gushing up from the heart, smiles lingered around his lips, and tears had never dimmed the lustre of his jetty eyes,—while buds of hope twined in the garland that fancy was wreathing for him, and shadows and blights had never fallen on their brightly unfolding leaves,—thus was it that he was taken away!

Angel child! Before you had grown earth-weary, or way-worn, or the cares and sorrows of

life rested heavily on your spirit, yours plumed its ethereal wings, and soared away to the spirit-home. And they laid you away among singing-birds, and fragrant flowers, with rose-buds in your folded hands. And the balmy zephyrs, and perfume-laden mist-winds go sighing softly, plaintively over the green turf that is laid over you, where dewy tears lie gently on the tiny leaves of bright green grass. And the blue sky bends over all, with its fleecy sunlit clouds, and the moonlight falls on your still grave, with a pale and silvery gleam, in the still hush of twilight, while the stars down-gaze with their meek, holy eyes.

'Tis a beautiful spot, little one, for lambs to go to rest; and there's many and many a one gone from aching hearts to sleep there; for the quiet night-fall often comes when angel voices call them one after another to their holy, dreamless, tranquil rest.

### THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

THE Bishop of Salisbury is supposed by evangelicals to be doing good service to the cause of the Church by hunting heretics down; but, in the end, his labour will be shown to have done good service to the cause of pure Christianity, against the creeds of the Church. The eyes of protestant England and the world are being opened. The press, as a whole, is on the side of Dr. Williams, and it is more powerful than the bench of bishops. It is generally thought that the bishop might have found some better employment. The following verses from *Punch* have put the matter in a humorous and striking light.

I passed a small Court where the lawyers abound,

And a singular change met my view.

Uncommonly pious their faces I found,

And their studies remarkably new.

They seemed Catechumens who'd come to repeat

Their tasks from the Testaments twain:

And who, I exclaimed, has accomplished this feat?

"The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

For one on the Thirty-nine Articles gazed,

A second the Pentateuch bore,

A third (who I own looked excessively dazed)

Was conning the Fathers of yore.

Another compared Doctors Hooker and Lowth,

While his friend worked at Watts and Romaine;

But the name that I found was in every one's mouth

Was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

And what was the work that the Shepherd has set,

That leads to the scene I behold?

Cried one, on whose forehead was written To Let,

"To hunt out a sheep from his fold:

The sheep has been bleating and breaking the peace

An orthodox sheep should maintain,

So we'll soon have him out, and he'll forfeit his fleeces

To the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

My heart it waxed soft, I was ready to weep—

"That seems a severe thing to do;

Suppose the kind Shepherd had thrown the poor sheep

Controversialist carrots to chew.

If those did silence his noises, old man,

He'd deserve castigation and pain;"

"That's not, sir," he answered, "the pastoral plan

Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.

"Our Shepherd's a piper—his sheep, if they bleat,

Must bleat to the tune of his pipe;

Or the sheep-dog you see on that well-cushioned-seat

Will give them a snap and a gripe."

Then a whistle was heard, and away they all bowled,

To hunt the schismatic again;

And I said, "I am glad that I'm not of the fold

Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**PENANCE FOR WICKLIFFITES.**—Archbishop *Arundel* (A.D. 1396—1413) enjoined such as abjured the heresy of *Wickliffe* this penance, "that in the public prayers and in the open market, they should go in procession only with their shirts on, carrying in one hand a burning taper, and in the other a crucifix, and that they should fall thrice on their knees, and every time devoutly kiss it."

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, AND CRUELTY TO MEN.**—A few weeks ago, one hundred London ministers, at the request of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, preached a sermon in aid of the views of the society. We were glad at this. Yet those ministers preach eternal indescribable torment to all the human race who do not accept of their peculiar dogmas of religion. We pray God those men's eyes may be opened to the inconsistency of calling a man cruel, while they hold up such a picture of the God of love.

**WESLEY AND UNIVERSALISM.**—Teulon had in early life the intimate friendship of John Wesley, to whom he used to lend early numbers of "*Winchester's Universalist's Miscellany*," as they appeared, and which, as throwing fresh light upon Divine Providence, by teaching a universal restoration of man to a state of happiness, was attracting much notice. Wesley was struck with the sentiments of Winchester, and although, as he expressed himself, "afraid by advocating so great a change he might unsettle the minds of his followers, and thus do more harm than good, he strongly recommended Mr. Teulon to continue reading the miscellany, and give its arguments every consideration."

**BENTHAM'S TESTIMONY TO PRIESTLEY.**—"By an early pamphlet of Priestley, the date of which has fled from my recollection, light was added to the warmth. In the phrase, '*the greatest happiness of the greatest number*,' I there saw delineated, for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics." We think the following passages he may allude to. "Everything is worthy of the attention both of a philosophical and political reader of history which can contribute to make a people happy at home, formidable abroad, or increase their numbers; because *a numerous, a secure, and a happy society is the object of all human policy.*" "The principle which leads men to form themselves into those larger societies, which we call *states*, is the desire of securing the undisturbed enjoyment of their possessions. Without this, the weak would always be at the mercy of the strong, and the ignorant of the crafty. But by means of government, the strength and wisdom of the whole community may be applied to redress private wrongs as well as to repel a foreign invader." "The good and happiness of the members, that is, the majority of the members of any state, is the great standard by which everything relating to that state must finally be determined."

**TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, 1662.**—Two thousand clergymen of the English church sacrificed their livings rather than subscribe the thirty-nine Articles against their conscience. How many of the clergy of to-day inherit this spirit?

**A CONTROVERSIAL SERMON.**—A Scotch servant girl gave the following account to her mistress, who inquired the character of the discourse she had heard that day at kirk. The minister, it appears, had been edifying his people on *Samson burning the Philistines' corn*. But the following is the girl's version of the instructive discourse: "He kept fight, fighting the hale morning about yen *Finlay Steane burning John Thomson's corn*."

**RELATIVE NUMBERS OF OUR TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.**—From the above numbers it is deducible that 286 persons of all ages and both sexes require 1 man to govern them; 1 lawyer happily suffices for 1,333, 1 clergyman for 666, and a medical man for every 1,000. Only 1 man is given entirely to authorship, and but 3 to art, for the amusement or instruction of 3,000 souls; while there is a philosopher for every 4,000, 1 male teacher to 666, and a female teacher, by profession, among 364. There is 1 agriculturalist to every 15 persons, and a merchant, tradesman, or manufacturer in every 7. The provision of dress requires a man for every 56 persons, and a woman for 38. Out of every 127 persons there is 1 man wholly without occupation. As to the absolute numbers in different pursuits, there are in England and Wales about 78,000 males, and 2,800 females of the governing class; 33,000 divines, 20,000 lawyers, of whom 3,100 are barristers; 24,600 medical men; 3,200 masculine, and 130 feminine authors, by profession; 9,500 artists, with 600 lady painters, 550 employed in scientific investigations; 38,000 men, and 80,000 women are helping parents to teach 1,550,000 male, 1,490,000 female scholars. Of the preparers and sellers of dress, 12,000 are hairdressers, 18,000 hatters, 21,000 bonnet-makers, 146,000 tailors, 258,000 milliners, 12,000 stay-makers, 264,000 shoemakers, 33,000 gloves, 65,000 seamstresses, 147,000 laundresses, 42,000 umbrella and parasol-makers, besides numerous other trades. There are 2,800 civil engineers, 8,000 engine-drivers, while 30,000 ship or boat-builders contribute to our maritime ascendancy. 247,000 hold farms which average 102 acres each, or the historic hyde of the Anglo-Saxon, of whom 1,244 farm upwards of 1,000 acres each. There are upwards of 68,000 butchers, 16,000 milk-sellers, 15,000 greengrocers (exclusive of paripatetic costermongers), 57,000 bakers, and 79,000 grocers, to attend to our daily cravings. The subdivision of labour is so minute, that no one class has, comparatively, an enormous following: among men, that employing the largest number is "agricultural out-door labour" 999,000; among women, "domestic servant (general)" 553,000.—*St. James's Magazine.*

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"You say so," said my wife, "but you don't mean it. You would rather have me slave to death, and burn myself up over the range, than go without your dinners. And now, when my head aches so that I can hardly see, I have got to go and get dinner for you."

"But I tell you my dear," I replied, "that you need not. I am not hungry, and I can do without any dinner to-day."

"Then you must have dined down town. That is the way you like to serve me. When I am just ready to get a good dinner for you, and have puzzled my brains all day thinking of what you will like to eat, you come home and tell me that you have no appetite, and have been to dinner."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "if you want to get a dinner for me, get it. I won't stop you."

"Of course you wouldn't stop me," she answered. "You'd let me get a dozen dinners for you in one day, even when you had no appetite to eat any of them."

"You are certainly, my dear," I said, "the most unreasonable woman I ever met. Now I tell you distinctly, you may get me a dinner or not, just as you please—do whichever you like best, and I shall be satisfied; but if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is being obliged to go without my dinner."

"Of course," chimed in my wife, "if I failed to get dinner for you to-day, I should never hear the last of it. You pretend not to wish me to get it, but if I didn't, I think there would be an exciting time in this house. The innocent children would suffer, I know, and I would be put down with all kind of expressions. I knew you were vexed the moment you entered the room. The ejaculation you made when you scented the camphor, convinced me of that, even if the hateful way in which you threw your gloves into your hat had not been sufficient. Then, too, when you drew off your boots, you let them fall heavily on the floor, as if it delighted you to make my poor head ache more. Oh! you men are cruel to your wives, and you take pleasure in being so."

"Well, never mind," I said, "saying anything more about it. The fact is, I have decided to have my dinner, and if I

can't obtain it here, I will go where I can. It seems to me you make a great fuss about a simple head-ache. In my opinion, a head-ache is the lightest of all maladies. Quiet and cold water bandages are better than all the camphor and loud talking, which are the usual accompaniments of head-aches in this house. Listen! if you will lie down on the lounge, and won't speak another word to-night, I'll get my own dinner."

Instead of following my advice, my wife began to weep. Now, if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to see a woman in tears. I essayed to soothe my wife, but she would not be soothed.

"If you choose," she said, "to make sport of me and my head-ache, I cannot prevent it; but you'll be sorry for it, by-and-bye. I sometimes think we shall not live together much longer."

"Now, my dear," I said, "don't speak so; your health is pretty good, notwithstanding these troublesome head-aches. I think, indeed, we may both live many years yet."

"Oh, I have no doubt," she replied, "but that we shall both exist a score of years longer, only I think it doubtful if we live together. Your treatment of me is so cruel that I fear we shall separate. And I am sure none of my friends would censure me for it if they only knew what I suffer and endure. For nine years I have borne with your irritability, hoping that as you grew older you would overcome it; but, on the contrary, it seems to increase upon you, until now there is scarcely an hour passes, when you are in the house, but you are fault-finding and cavilling at something. You can't endure to know that I am sick, even though I don't complain, and keep my sufferings to myself."

"Well, now, suppose we separate," I said, "who will take the children?"

"I think," said my wife, evincing considerable feeling, "that the children ought to go with me. In the first place, you don't know how to take care of them. Your idea of domestic government is very erroneous, and, besides, you would be apt to treat them cruelly."

"Very well," I said, "I don't think I should care to be troubled with the children. You might have them and



welcome. I would be freer without them, and could go and come as I wished, nor be obliged to consult their comfort in any degree. Why, I should be quite a bachelor again, wouldn't I?"

"You seem to enjoy the idea so greatly," my wife said, "that I am not certain whether it would not be conferring too much happiness on you for me to obtain a separation. At all events, I won't do it at present."

"No, nor any time in the future, my dear," I said. "The fact is, I am hasty and irritable, but then I get over it in a moment and my spells of good nature are worth more than the life-long evenness of temper which belongs to other men. You obtained a prize, my dear, in me, which I fear you do not appreciate as you ought. But how does your head feel now, my love?"

"I declare," said my wife, smiling, "it is entirely gone. I think you must have magnetized me and drawn it away."

"I think I frightened it away," I said. "My suggestion that we separate, evidently had a good effect upon you."

"But you didn't suggest it," my wife replied. "It was I who spoke of it."

"Well, it is all the same," I said; "you or I, for we are both one, you know."

"I really believe," she added, "that you do not intend to vex me as you so often do; but you must acknowledge that you are provoking at times."

"Certainly, I answered, 'I'll acknowledge anything that you may desire.'"

"Now, that is provoking," she said, "and I don't want you to do it."

"Very well, then," I said, "I'll not do it; but I deny that it is provoking."

"But I tell you it is," my wife replied. "It provokes me."

"Very well," I said; "then I'll say no more about it. But what about dinner? Are we not to have any to-day?"

"Well, the truth is," my wife said, "there is a chicken pie in the refrigerator, which, with the vegetables Katy has cooked, will perhaps suffice for to-day?"

"Nothing can be better," I answered; "and if you will only have a chicken pie for dinner when you have a headache, why I don't care if you have one every week."

And then we went to dinner.

## ARE WE ALL TOTALLY DEPRAVED?

BY JOHN SHANNON.

I WAS educated a Calvinist, and in boyhood and youth regularly attended Trinitarian worship. The minister under whose pastoral care I was brought up, used to tell us that Adam was constituted the representative of his posterity, so that on his obedience or disobedience depended the happiness or misery of the human race—that he abused the freedom of will with which he was endowed in transgressing the Divine command, and the most awful consequences followed. As for himself, he lost his "original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body; while his offspring descending from him by ordinary generation became utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite unto all that is spiritually good and wholly inclined to all evil, and that continually." He often said to us that "all mankind descending from Adam by ordinary generation sinned in him and fell with him in the first transgression; that the sinfulness of that state whereinto man fell consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin; that all mankind by the fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever."

On examining the Confession of Faith, which my minister signed, I found that the above expressions were quotations from it, so that he was not guilty of over-stating the commonly received doctrines, and I have no doubt he honestly believed them.

These doctrines caused me much anxious thought, and after considerable time spent in careful inquiry and diligent study of the Scriptures, I was compelled to renounce them. I felt that we could not be totally depraved. There must be in us a germ of religion which becomes "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." There must be in us a virtuous capacity, else the command of the Apostle is vain, "Work



"The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God that gave it." Solomon says no more, saw no more of the future as it lay open to his mind. It was starlight then. The sun had not arisen. No man had then come back from the world of the dead, bringing life and immortality to light. Of the future condition of mankind, of the state of the soul after its return to God, of its ultimate destiny, Solomon does not speak at all. And when we consider this fact, what is it but the sheerest folly to cite anything from his writings as proving even *future* punishment, to say nothing of quoting him to prove that punishment will never end? But when we look at the question of retribution, we must remember that Solomon wrote thus: "Behold the righteous shall be recompensed *in the earth*, much more the wicked and the sinner." This was the wise man's testimony on that point, and let him that readeth understand.

2.—It is commonly supposed that to be "driven away in his wickedness" can mean nothing else than to be driven away to final perdition, or shut up in endless sin and woe. But we know of no good reason for any such construction as that. The wicked is cut off in his wickedness, or he comes to his death prematurely, and perhaps in a violent way. He dies, as he lives, without trust in God or hope in his mercy, and is tormented with the memories which rush upon him of his ungodly and wicked deeds, it may be with fearful apprehension of the future. But the good man has hope in his death. He believes in God, he confides in his protection, and fears no evil even as he enters the shadowy valley. He sees indeed through a glass darkly, and knows not what awaits him on that other shore, but he can look to that future without trembling, or fear. Therefore, with blessed memories of his life on earth, he can calmly bid adieu to this world in the hope of a brighter hereafter.

3.—But—and let this be carefully noted—the hopes of the righteous, or the fears of the wicked, can not affect God, nor annul the purposes of his wisdom and grace. A prodigal child may return to his father's house, full of unbelief and fears, expecting to be disin-

herited, and sent penniless away, but his fears can not change his father's plans, nor destroy his father's love. The wicked do not see God as he is. Sin engenders doubts, suspicions, and tormenting fears. God is better than wicked men, or even than the best of men dare to believe or hope. Let us not conceive of what God is, or what God will do, by the slavish apprehensions, or guilty fears of profligate and wicked men. A man may die in wickedness, and, misled by his fears, and the traditions of the world, die in despair, but does it therefore follow that there is no mercy for him, or that God will do with or for him precisely what he in his estrangement and guilt participates or fears? From such a conclusion any intelligent Christian mind will instinctively shrink away. The wicked man dies. His body returns to dust. His soul returns to God. Wherever it is, that soul must still remain under his protection and care, a subject of his moral rule, an object of his infinite and unchangeable love. While therefore *he* dies without hope, *we* have hope for him, and our hope is grounded in the infinite mercy and the revealed promises of God. These promises assure us—(thanks be unto God for that precious assurance!)—of an era when sin shall come to an end, when the devil and all his works shall be destroyed, when all souls shall be subdued unto Christ, and with Christ shall be subject unto God, that, for ever more, God may be ALL IN ALL.

#### HASTY MARRIAGES.

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a burden and a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indelicate, as well as culpably reckless, such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear. A year's thorough acquaintance, with the most circumstantial accounts, from disinterested and reliable witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood, are the very least guarantee which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then, if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.



## OUR REPLY TO THE REV. FRANKLIN HOWORTH.

A LETTER of Mr. Howorth's, impugning the truthfulness of Christian Unitarianism, has been freely circulated among Unitarian ministers. It is so whimsical and ridiculous in many of its statements, that if it were possible to provoke more contempt for defences set up for Trinitarian views, such letters as these really do it. Mr. H. founds a complaint against Unitarianism because its professors have not more devotion and religious zeal. He reminds us of three Mahometan gentlemen who visited England some time ago, and alleged their want of confidence in Christianity because the people of England were not religious, not publicly called to prayer so frequently as in Turkey. How would Mr. H. have dealt with their objection? But we have another reply, in the words of a friend, at our elbow. For several years, he tells us, he had ceased to pray to God, or read his Bible. He had been a member of a Trinitarian church for upwards of twenty years, and the doctrines of that church had filled his mind with despair, darkness, and religious death. The Bible became to him a sealed book, and prayer was entirely abandoned. By chance he entered our chapel, heard our views of religious truth, listened for a few Sundays, and once more opened the Bible, to see if those things were so—found they were so—and in harmony with his feelings and entire nature, returned under their blessed influence to the public and private worship of God. Love, not fear—hope, not despair, opened his way to the Father. Because in our prayers we are not filled with boisterousness, nor fluent as some are, nor so public in our devotion, we are condemned. The great Teacher be our judge, and not Mr. H. We never so much mistake the nature and depth of piety as when we gauge it by outside show. We boast not of our piety, Heaven increase it; yet we have no desire it should be more demonstrative than it is.

Mr. H. says our system of religious doctrine is neither true to Scripture nor man's nature. We can only assure Mr. H. that a large class of theologians, who

belong to the system of doctrine he has espoused, find we have the stronger side of the question when we appeal to the entire nature of man,—his reason, affection, and moral sense. For by our nature must be understood our whole nature. The doctrine of the Trinity, two natures in Christ, total depravity, the scheme of vicarious sacrifice, etc., etc., are very quickly demolished on the basis of man's nature. We could cite a hundred Trinitarian witnesses that we have the best of it when we come to the nature of man to reason on those subjects. We feel our doctrines are true, and so do they, when we rid ourselves of the jargon of the church. And so far as Scripture is concerned in those grave matters, we hold no doctrine that cannot be set forth in the plain language of Scripture,—nor do we deny any doctrine which is not antagonistic to the Scripture. We are sure Mr. H. labours under a painful hallucination on this point. We could again cite before the bar of judgment able Trinitarian witnesses who devote their lives to its diffusion, who would tell Mr. H. he has little Scripture, less reason, and nothing in nature or from nature to support him in his present views. Yes, learned, able, candid Trinitarian witnesses who would correct Mr. H. in this matter.

We believe that the blood of Jesus Christ "*cleanseth from all sin.*" FROM SIN, not from the consequences of a broken law; "for every one that doeth wrong shall suffer for the wrong." We believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; on the face of this he cannot be God the son. We know that when Mr. H. says that "the Holy Spirit, with the Son and the Father, is God," he is asserting a doctrine everywhere contradicted by the Scripture; and that his prayers for light, and his searching for truth, have ended in delusion. That Christ affirmed his Father was the only true God, and confessed that God was his God and Father. And so untenable is every passage in the letter of Mr. H., that Trinitarian commentators, one or other, have given every one of them up as not sufficient evidence in this case. As there are other serious and shameful charges against our doctrines in the letter, we will reply to them in our next.



## THE LITTLE BROTHERS.

BY THE REV. JAMES KNAPTON.

Two little brothers—Mark and Fred—  
One winter's eve, while papa read,  
And grandmamma was knitting,  
In silence sate, and gave 'tis said,  
Attention unremitting.

And so it seemed: for when, next day—  
Their lessons done—they joined in play,  
Said Mark to Fred, "my brother,  
How sweet to pass our lives away  
In loving one another!"

"And pleasant, too," was Fred's reply,  
"And if we but in earnest try,  
I doubt not He who made us  
Will every needful boon supply  
To strengthen us, and aid us.

For, did not papa say last night,  
That loving children in His sight,  
Though poor on earth and lowly,  
Were precious as the saints in light,  
However high and holy?"

"He did, indeed, my brother Fred,  
And all night long, of what he said  
In accents so endearing,  
I seemed to dream till morning shed  
Its radiance bright and cheering.

I thought, amid a happy band  
I saw the loving Saviour stand,  
With little ones so near him,  
That on their heads he placed his hand,  
And yet they did not fear him.

Then one into his arms he took  
With words of love, and as he spoke  
I saw it was no other  
O'er whom, in genial showers they broke,  
Than Frank our younger brother.

'My child,' said he, 'as years move on,  
The flush of youth will soon be gone  
And heavy cares oppress thee;  
But bear them bravely one by one  
And Heaven will ever bless thee.

And, oh! whate'er thy portion be,—  
In bonds of sacred charity,  
Not only one another  
But *all mankind embrace*,—and see,  
*In every child a brother!*"

Now, Freddy, dear, if this be true,  
Surely we may, life's journey through,  
By love united,—ever  
Our purposed path, with Frank pursue,  
And never leave it,—never!"

## THE LITTLE WHITE ANGEL.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

SOME children stood in a group before the door of the village school-house one lovely summer evening.

They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline, the son of the rich and proud Hofmeister, to little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of the poor baker.

It is very true that Kline wore a velvet jacket, richly embroidered, while Carl's coat was old, and his wooden shoes were rough enough in all conscience. But what of that? If they were good friends, what difference did that make, I should like to know? Wait till children become grown people, for pity's sake, before you expect them to measure each other's worth by what they possess or wear.

"The new schoolmaster, Meinheer Freidrich, comes to-morrow," said Otto. "I am so glad; I am weary of old Master Hoffman, with his crooked problems and hard lessons."

"So was I, truly," said Kline, who, although a good, merry boy, hated his books as he did medicine.

"Ah, thou didst always like play better than work, my Kline," said Max, "and so do I. Meinheer Friedrich will be wise if he keeps thee and me apart during school-hours. But come—see which can get home first—one, two, three!" and away they all scampered, laughing and shouting as only school-boys can.

The following day the boys were standing around the school-house when the door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared, and cried in a cheery, hearty voice:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

And now they entered and took their seats, and were quite still while the good master read a short chapter in the Book of books, and then reverently prayed that the dear Saviour would guide him in his teachings, and bless them, and send his Holy Spirit to watch over them all.

School began; the thumb-worn books



were brought out; the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wished impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented; when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich, and actually understanding their lessons—so clear and simple were his explanations; and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they had expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and while the children gathered around, he opened it, and drew out charming little pink and white sea-shells, pretty pictures, and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children with loving words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little porcelain statue of an angel. She stood, so fair, so pure, with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her eyes uplifted, and the children gazed enchanted.

"Oh, the dear angel! the beautiful angel!" cried they all. "Wilt thou not give it to me, Master Friedrich?"

But the good master smiled and said: "The little angel is too lovely to be given to any boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall presently see who shall deserve her. He who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth, shall have the angel."

At this the children looked at each other, as if wondering what the good master might mean. But he said no more, and they went home thoughtfully.

The next day, after the lessons (which had now become so pleasant) were finished, the children clustered around the master to show him what they had brought.

Some of the smaller ones had picked up sparkling stones on the road, and as they held them in the sunlight, were sure they must be something bright and precious. Some had polished up a shilling till it shone like a little crown; one brought a watch crystal which his father had given him, and which he considered a wonder of transparent brightness; and Kline, the rich Hofmeister's son, had brought a paste buckle, made to imitate diamonds, than which, in his opinion, nothing could be brighter.

All these things were placed on the

master's desk, side by side. The shilling shone away famously; the pebbles and watch-crystal did their best; but Kline's buckle was the bravest of all.

"Ah, mine's the brightest!" shouted Kline, clapping his hands.

"But where is little Carl?" said Master Friedrich. "He ran out just now."

All eyes were turned to the door, when presently in rushed Carl, breathless. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a poor little snow-white dove. Some crimson drops upon the downy breast showed that it was wounded.

"Oh, master!" cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor little white dove. Some cruel boys were tormenting it, and I caught it quickly and ran here. Oh, I fear it will die."

Even as he spoke the dove's soft eyes grew filmy; it nestled closer in Carl's neck, then gave a faint cry, dropped its little head and died.

Carl sank on his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the white dove's poor broken wing two tears large and bright.

The master took the dead dove from his hands, and laid it tenderly down on the desk with the bright things, then raising Carl, he softly said, "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying heart."

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel. Then Kline cried out:

"My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial."

"Yes, dear master," said Max, "give us one more trial."

"What sayest thou, Carl?" said Master Friedrich.

"Yes, dearest master," answered the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eyes rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl; then glancing around he said:

"He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth to-morrow shall have the angel."

The children clapped their hands and departed satisfied.



"I will die first." So, seeing  
way, she frankly declared, "I will  
J. B., if he will have me."

On Tuesday morning, Oct. 3rd, they  
were married. They all then rode on  
contentedly to Leeds, to give me the  
meeting there, as well that I might have  
the pleasure of seeing the bride, as that  
I might acknowledge my sin (those were  
my brother's expressions), before J. B.  
and them all.

But this I was not altogether ready to  
do; neither did I apprehend she desired  
my company any more; till on Friday,  
Oct. 6th, I was informed, "Both J. B.  
and his wife desired to see me." I went;  
but oh! what an interview! it was not  
soon that words could find their way.  
We sat weeping at each other, till I asked  
her, "What did you say to my brother,  
to make him accost me thus?" She fell  
on my feet, and said "she never had spoken  
nor could speak against me," uttering  
many other words to the same effect, in  
the midst of numberless sighs and tears.  
Before she rose, he fell on his knees too,  
and asked my pardon for what he had  
spoken of me.

After dinner I talked with her alone.  
She averred with the utmost emotion,  
being all dissolved in tears, that she never  
said the blame upon me, whom she knew  
to be entirely innocent; that she would  
rather die than speak against one to whom  
she had so deep obligations; that at the  
time I first spoke to her at Newcastle  
she loved me above all persons living;  
that after her engagement with J. B. her  
heart was divided till she went to Ireland;  
that then it was wholly with me, and from  
that time till J. B. met us at Epworth;  
that after his speaking she was divided  
again, till I talked with her upon the  
road, from which hour she loved me more  
and more, till we parted at Hineley Hill;  
that, when my brother took her thence  
she thought he was carrying her to me;  
that, when she knew more of his design,  
she told him, "I will do nothing till I  
have seen Mr. W.," but that, when it  
was told her at Newcastle, among a  
thousand other things, "Mr. W. will have  
nothing to say to you," then she said,  
"Well, I will have Mr. B. if he will have  
me." If these things are so, hardly has  
such a case been from the beginning of  
the world!

Talk  
But  
Its lam  
And  
Its walls  
Its floor  
The dome is  
All nature

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,  
The Andean ranges yet untrod,  
At sunrise and at sunset glow  
Like altar fires of God.  
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,  
As if with hallow'd victims rare;  
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—  
All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,  
And pours his glittering treasure forth;  
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—  
Kneel on the shell-gem'd earth,  
And there emit a hollow sound,  
As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;  
On every side 'tis holy ground—  
All nature worships there!

Odours the grateful earth doth yield  
In homage, Mighty One! to thee;  
From herbs and flowers in every field,  
From fruit on every tree,  
The balmy dew at morn and even  
Seems like the penitential tear,  
Shed only in the sight of heaven—  
All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,  
The willow on the fountain's brim,  
The tulip and the eglantine,  
In reverence bend to Him;  
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,  
From tower, and tree, and middle air;  
The rushing river murmurs praise,—  
All nature worships there!

Then talk not of a fane, save one  
Built without hands, to mankind given;  
Its lamps are the meridian sun,  
And all the stars of heaven;  
Its walls are the cerulean sky,  
Its floor the earth so green and fair,  
The dome is vast immensity—  
All nature worships there!



prayer.

"Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, we laud and magnify thy glorious name! All power is given unto Thee in heaven and in earth. Thou hast been received up into heaven, and dost sit on the right hand of God. Thou art exalted a Prince and a Saviour. Thou art seated far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come. All things are put under Thy feet. Thou art the head over all to Thy church. The only Potentate, King of Kings, Lord of Lords; Angels, Authorities, and Princes are made subject unto Thee. Thou art Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, which is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power, for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created. Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by Thy blood; and hast made us unto our God Kings and Priests. "Therefore, with angels and arch-angels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee, and saying holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: glory be to Thee, O Lord most high."

This is at the same time the most scriptural, and the most un-scriptural Prayer we have ever met; scriptural, in almost every sentence and phrase it contains; un-scriptural, in assigning most of the texts of which it is composed to the wrong object. The mere fact of its being addressed to Jesus Christ, shews at once how contrary it is both to the letter and to the spirit of the Gospel. In the narratives of the four Evangelists,

...plainer than that Christ himself taught his disciples to pray to THE FATHER, and to no other being whatever, whether in heaven or on earth; and that Christ himself, in his own frequent and earnest devotions, prayed to THE FATHER, and to no other being whatever, whether in heaven or on earth. Of the teachings of Christ on this momentous subject, the following may serve as a specimen:—Matt. vi. 9.: "After this manner, therefore, pray ye, *Our Father, who art in heaven.*" Matt. xviii. 19: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my *Father.*" John xv. 16: "That whatsoever ye shall ask of *the Father* in my name, He may give it you." John xvi. 23: "And in that day *ye shall ask me nothing.* Verily, verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask *the Father* in my name, *He* will give it you." Illustrations of Christ's own conduct in this respect may be found, among other places, in Matt. xi. 25: "I thank Thee, O *Father*, Lord of heaven and earth." John xii. 27: "*Father*, save me from this hour." Luke xxii. 42: "*Father*, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me." xxiii. 34: "*Father*, forgive them, for they know not what they do." xxiii. 46: "*Father*, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" and the whole of the seventeenth chapter of John. It is, therefore, most un-Evangelical, in the true sense of that much-abused word, to yield our worship to any person or being, no matter how holy or how exalted, save to the *Father alone*. Accordingly the Rev. Samuel Martin, in offering up the address on which we are animadverting, misdirected both his own adorations and those of the "Congregational Union."

"All power is given unto Thee in heaven and in earth." If this "all power" were actually "given" unto Christ, then he did not possess it originally, and inherently, and of right; then there was a time when he had it not; then he received it from another and a greater, namely, the sole Omnipotent; then he was not and is not equal to the sole Omnipotent, and was not and is not Omnipotent himself.

"Thou art exalted a Prince and a Saviour." The portion of Scripture from which this is taken, is Acts v. 31: "Him